

Rocket Recruitment 2: Rocket to Victory

Commission for MrTheRandomGuy42

This story contains TF of the Pokemon variety, gender transformation (FtoM), corruption, heavy mental changes/personality rewriting, and rubber. Do not read if you do not support the Glory of Team Rocket.

This was the good life. Perfection. I stretch my arms, hearing several squeaks within my limbs, as a lull in my ever so busy day had arrived.

I believe Sinnoh was supposed to be cold this time of year. Perhaps if I were normal, I would be bothered by this, yet, luckily, I was not.

Indeed. I was neither human, nor a Shaymin as my appearance would have made a lesser assume.

Instead, I was Rocket Admin Shaymin, Commander of the Sinnoh Branch of **Team Rocket**.

Most people would call my 'company' villains. Criminals who exploited others, human and Pokemon, purely for profit. They would say we have no honor or standards, doing needlessly horrible things, being willing to even harm and kill anyone who was in our way. They would even accuse us of funding and conducting inhumane experiments in our quest for power, power, and more power!

They would be correct.

Yes, that is fine.

I have accepted my self, it's fine being called horrible, cruel, evil, I won't deny any accusations against us that are not false. Why, I'm even the result of one of those inhumane experiments!

In other words, I'm fine being evil, because I am evil.

Giggle

While I am an admin, I of course still answer to my “human” counterparts. Regardless of the power they give me, I am a tool. Of course, all of us our tools, I just happen to be one that was “made”.

That is fine.

Because regardless of whoever is above me, all those under me, including the humans that are “forced” to serve me, know that they are truly, fully under my paw.

I’ve been told I excel as an admin. My sector has expanded far faster than any other. So many lovely, beautiful Rubber Rockets to push, command, tease...

Why would I want anything more? It’s amusing to think I was anything else before this. So amusing that it is sickening. Truly, my creation was a gift.

“Hm hm, so we will be having a special recruit with us today, I’ve gathered?” I hum, one of the few humans left in my service leading me towards the *Recruitment and Orientation Center*.

I hardly ever see humans nowadays. Mainly, they were all researchers. The eggheads in charge of all the technology and “Projects” Team Rocket wanted done in Sinnoh. All other staff had long since been replaced by Grunts once the masters back home decided they did not need to waste money and resources on sending workers that needed things like ‘food’ and ‘amenities’ all the way to this region to watch me.

I’m sure these scientists would be gone soon enough too. We practically already own Sinnoh at this point. Oh, sure, a few scuffs and problem areas here and there, but soon enough, this region wouldn’t even be able to breathe without our permission.

“Indeed, Commander Shaymin,” the researcher answered, adjusting his glasses. “We’ve received word from the Kanto branch themselves and authorized using a... special treatment in our next batch.”

“Hoh... what sort of special treatment? I hope you do not plan on keeping a lady like me waiting after teasing me with that hint~” I smirk. Despite my size, it’s clear to see how much I intimidate this one. Tool or not, I’ve built quite a bit of influence in my words.

“Ah... yes, I suppose there is no reason not to hide it.” He clears his throat.
“Headquarters believes you require assistance in managing Team Rocket’s Sinnoh Branch, as we... you have expanded far ahead of schedule.”

I blink, genuinely surprised, even stopping in my walk to process what I had heard. I suppose I didn’t want to admit it, but it was getting a bit difficult to be in charge of our entire operations on my own. Grunts weren’t exactly... competent at anything else except being Grunts.

“Hmm... so we’ll be making a new admin today, then...?” I raised a curious brow, contemplating the notion.

Perhaps since I appeared distracted, the researcher relaxed slightly. “Indeed. Not just any, however. This one will answer to you, and you only. Your own personal vice admin.” He adjusted his glasses. “They’ve ordered to give you one post-haste, thus the... lack of warning.”

My, my, now that is truly a surprise. I smile. “Team Rocket really does spoil me~ I certainly won’t refuse the new help. This will certainly be more a more interesting show than usual...”

The researcher clears his throat, nodding in agreement as we begin walking once more. “They also gave you clearance to watch. Only fair that you get to see your new second-in-command being made.”

I chuckle, pleased. I only truly occasionally get clearance to view the transforming and brainwashing process. Most other Rubber Rockets outside of direct assistants to the research department never get the honor. Perhaps they think it would remind us of our past selves, inspire us to rebel, or some other such nonsense.

Truthfully, it’s more of a luxury to watch it. To be reminded of the utter bliss of leaving that weakness behind and becoming someone and something better.

“I feel as if you’re leaving something out...” I tease.

For once, the researcher doesn’t relent. “It would be better if the rest of our talk waited until we arrived.”

“Show, don’t tell?”

“Indeed.”

I hum, but do not protest.

I enter the viewing room, seeing faces I never cared to remember but I can only assume are the same as ever.

“Commander Shaymin.” The humans dip their heads in subservience.

“Boss!” The Rubber Rockets helping them salute more passionately.

“Fufu, at ease. I believe we have an important arrangement we cannot delay, yes?”

“You would be correct.” Another researcher spoke, motioning me towards the console. And the monitors above it.

I see a human female. Young, most likely not an adult yet. Long blonde hair, probably used to be quite made-up before she got tossed in there. A rather fashionable looking dress and boots. Probably had more on her, but had been relieved of those before I arrived.

She was also currently unconscious.

“Hmmm. So this is my new subordinate?”

“Yes. We found her wandering a bit too close to home and had our guards capture her.”

“A spy? She’s young.”

“We ran a background check. Daughter of some shareholder, but no one important. Completely average credentials. If she’s a spy, then standards in Sinnoh are very, very low.”

I giggle. “So just unlucky, how tragic~”

“Mm. We thought of just dumping her somewhere near a wild Pokemon nest, make it look like she was blindsided.”

“And then the order went through?”

The researcher adjusts his glasses. These guys all seemed to love doing that. “They did say post-haste, and we conveniently had someone perfectly eligible...”

I chuckle. “Certainly can’t get anymore post-haste than this, then.” I say, looking to the monitor. “So, what is the plan?”

“About that, Commander Shaymin...” I glance to the researcher. “Headquarters has decided to make this one... very special.”

“So I’ve heard...”

“A bit more special than what I assume you’ve heard.” He clears his throat. “You’ve been... rewarded certain privileges, for this occasion.”

“...Privileges, you say?”

“Indeed. Commander Shaymin, you are being given the honor of... customizing this one. She will be your second-in-command, after all.”

“...My, my, I really am being spoiled.” Despite my cool tone, I’m sure the wide grin on my face is fully evident.

“A gift for your hard work in furthering Team Rocket’s goals.”

“Well, how can I resist~ So, I’m being given full control of this change?~”

“Species, personality traits, even sex if you wish. Our process will do it all.” The researcher nods. “Of course, they still want you to have a reasonably competent vice-admin, so no going too overboard on the personality tweaking and making this one simply another toy. This is a high honor, do not abuse it.”

“Perish the thought.” I’d be more mad at his implications if I did not agree. Of course, as amusing as it would be to have my own personal toy to push around, even more

special than the others, this would be my special, only chance to have a loyal second-in-command. Someone reliable, smart...

I've only teamed up with other admins a few times. Few and far in between. Yes, perhaps having an equal, or something close, would be perfect.

A partner.

I smirk. "I believe I have just the settings."

"Excellent. Let me guide you through the process and then we may awaken the subject..."

...

"Where...?" The girl mumbles, a delicate hand slowly moving to her head as she props herself up.

"Good morning, sleepyhead." I speak into the microphone. "I apologize if you're sore. I've been trying to get that room padded, but alas, it feels like they keep putting my order at the bottom of the pile~" I sigh, the Grunts behind me eagerly snickering.

"Wh-who...?!" The girl pushes herself up onto her knees, looking around nervously. Her arms wrap around her body. "Wh-what did you do to me?! Where am I?"

"Now now, no need to panic, dear." I coo gently. "Rather, we're the ones who should be mad at you. Were you aware you were trespassing in a secret scientific facility?"

She pales. "I-I... trespassing...!?"

"Mm. You're lucky you weren't injured. Our guards can be ever so gungho." I chuckle.

"Am I... in trouble...? I-I didn't mean to...!" She squeaks.

Oh, this girl was adorable. All the better.

"Fufu... well, you're a bit in trouble, I'll admit."

"A-am I going to jail...?"

“No, you’re not. We’d never send you to jail, dear.” I admit. She seems to relax, and I chuckle. “The police wouldn’t really like seeing us, you see.”

“Huh? Um... what do you mean by that, lady...?” She asks, looking around for any kind of camera or window. “If I’m not going to jail or anything can I, um, leave?”

“Sadly, no, we still have to process you, after all. Actually, we can’t really let you leave on your own. You see, that’s part of your first question.” I smile, letting the air hang for a while. “Are you familiar with the name ‘**Team Rocket**’?”

“Uh... nooooo...?” She looked far more nervous now, stepping backwards.

“Fufu, well, you will be soon, but I suppose I can give you a quick summary.” I clear my throat. “Team Rocket, you see, is an organization whose goal is to take over the world. And you, my *lucky, lucky, adorable little flower*, just happened to wander right up to us.”

“Wh-what!? Oh, oh Arceus! Where’s my Pokemon!? Wh-where’s my phone!? Dad! Papa!” The girl cried.

“Your Pokemon will be fine.” I assure her. “They’ll be treated as lovingly as any other of Team Rocket’s Pokemon. We always appreciate new recruits.” I giggle.

“N-no! Give them back! They didn’t do anything!”

“They will soon, once they receive their training~” I taunt, relishing the despair that seemed to settle in the girl, tears running down her cheeks. Seems she had a bit of makeup. “And that just leaves you, dear.”

She shrinks at my voice. “Please... I-I don’t wanna be hurt... my papa has money... a-and has a lot of it! H-he’d pay! And I won’t say anything...!” Honestly? I would believe it. Girl was so terrified she wouldn’t squeal even if she was on the other side of the planet at this point.

Unfortunately for her, I’m more interested in results than money. “As tempting as that is, dear, you picked a bad day to find us. Didn’t I tell you? *We always appreciate new recruits.*”

“...Huh...?” The girl asked, confused, before paling. “Y-you want me... to be part of your group? N-no, no way!”

“Now now, don’t be so modest. Really, I appreciate you volunteering. We had a position that just needed to be filled today, and you hopped right in before we even started officially hiring! It must be a blessing from Arceus! I suppose it really does watch over Sinnoh!” I laugh, the other grunts laughing along with me.

“Y-you can’t... do this... th-this is a bad dream... I wanna go home...” She sniffled, cowering. I step back from the console, grinning as I look at the girl. Seems she’s been sufficiently crushed. No use delaying things, then.

“Alright, I’m bored of the formalities, start it up before she starts prattling on again, will you?” I hum, the researcher nodding and clicking away at his control panel. The familiar lovely sight of one of our precious black Pokeballs descends behind the ditz of a girl.

She doesn’t even notice, doesn’t think to look behind her as her head darts around the empty room. It’s almost sad, but certainly hilarious. With a click the ball opens, a jet of creamy yellow goop shooting out from the repurposed device as if it had a life of its own, eager to grab the nearest sap.

And luckily for our young recruit in there, that honor is hers! I laugh as she gives quite a delightful panicked shout, stumbling forward and landing on her knees as the goop completely sticks to the back of her head and neck. I could see her shivering from the cold splotch moving over her, her eyes wide and lip quivering as a hand moved to feel whatever it was that was assaulting her. “E-ewwww...! What is this stuff!? It’s... cold and sticky! And moving!?”

“Good observation, my little bud. Now, pay close attention to what’s going to happen, will you? It’ll be on the test.”

She doesn’t respond to my teasing, sadly, more focused on trying to pull our morphing rubber off of her head. I watch in delight, the large mass of creamy liquid latex crawling over the back of her head, slowly engulfing more with each second. Soon nearly everything but her face has been consumed despite her ‘efforts’, and that’s when the real fun starts.

Some of the latex begins to mold itself, growing and 'sprouting' up from the top of her head. She definitely notices, the sudden shift in her head's center of gravity enough to make her head wobble. Some of the goop changes color, becoming orange as the two triangular growths finish taking shape, new ears that are practically larger than her head.

"Wh-what's happening...? P-please stop...!"

"Awww, you asking so nicely makes me regret doing this. But *sadly* once you've got that on you there's no turning back until it finishes...~" I giggle. "By the way, better close that mouth, little bud~"

"Wh-ngnf!!" I giggle as the girl gags, ignoring my oh so helpful advice entirely and opening her mouth just in time for the goop to wrap around to claim her face. From the way she's squirming and panicking I'm sure the rubber filled up that mouth entirely.

With her entire head consumed the latex begins to *squeeze down*. I know this bit can be pretty uncomfortable, so it's funny seeing just how distressed this one is over it. Maybe it's because I chose the form this time? Regardless, her head gets smaller, rounder, taking a more solid squeaky shape instead of being a pure blob of the stuff.

And with the shape done, details began to get added. Some of the grunts look on in wonder, probably realizing what this girl was becoming. Round blue eyes, a flat button nose that looked more colored on than an actual detail, and a tiny mouth with two fangs.

She blinks her newly reformed eyes, coughing as she regains control of her mouth, but I look more towards the rest of her. The main mass of the morphing rubber had moved to her neck, squeezing and shrinking it down until her head looked comically smaller than her body. More than that, thanks to her silly struggling her hands were now covered in the stuff. Yes, I giggled as the clumsy blobs squished down into far tinier and thinner shapes. Three orange digits on each little hand, while the goop simultaneously travelled up her arms from her hands and down them from her shoulders.

Her shoulders crunched down, as did the length and width of her arms. No more feminine delicacy here, just round, tiny little things that weren't even longer than those ears of hers, all shape and definition on them gone in the place of creamy rubber that made her arms look more like tubes than anything.

“Guhh... wh-what... M-my voice?! What did-” I watch the half-Victini grab at her tiny throat before her new arms register and she stares at them. “A-ah.... aaaaah!!” She screams.

“Oh my, she’s a screamer. It doesn’t sound very fitting with her new voice, though.” I muse to the others in the viewing chamber, hearing some snickering in response. I’m not surprised it was the first thing she truly noticed about herself. It sounded much more... mm, how do I put it, boyish? Still a bit high pitched, because really what would you expect from a Victini, but definitely androgynous at best.

The girl tugs at her own face and arms as if she wanted to rip her skin right off of herself. I roll my eyes. “Get restraints on her. I don’t want to risk getting damaged goods because she does something stupid to her own body.” I command.

“Yes ma’am.” At my command, metal arms extend from the ceiling, quickly and roughly grabbing the girl by... whatever a rubber Victini would have in place of wrists.

“N-no! No! Let me go!”

“Mm. Maybe later, if we feel like it.” I answer dismissively, resting my cheek on a hand as I watch the rubber moving down to consume her breasts and back. For such a young looking thing she had quite an impressive bust by human standards, I suppose. How sad. If she had time to grow she’d probably be quite a Beauty, maybe even a Model.

And yet those tits of hers were getting squeezed down into nothing, a flat featureless creamy torso, thin and absent of any gender characteristics. She gasps and groans, her entire upper torso squishing down smaller and smaller to match her changed head and arms, her pretty pretty dress dangling loosely off of her tiny arms, the collar hanging low enough to expose her fully changed chest.

“Don’t give the fellas too much of a show now, my little bud~ Or the ladies, for that matter.” I coo teasingly, grinning.

The rubber continues it’s way down, coating her stomach. I’m sure she was proud of maintaining that thin, fit look, but now she’s definitely going to be looking much thinner. Once her upper body’s been completely covered up it starts shrinking to

match the rest of her new self. A smooth and tiny creamy colored squeaky body. Cute, maybe, but not very girly or feminine.

And that cream color wasn't going to stay for long, as the upper half of her dress takes on a rubbery texture, thick and shiny, the oversized clothing shrinking down until it clung to her changed body, something she certainly noticed as she looked down at her dress, cheeks lightly flushed even as confusion filled her big blue eyes.

The dress then begins shifting, squirming as if it had a life of its own. More of her body gets covered by the material, which was starting to lose its color, turning white like my own uniform, rather than black like those of the grunts. Something I'm sure my grunts have noticed, but why so surprised? A Victini being a mere grunt? As brainless as ever, these children.

I watch as my Victini's uniform continues taking shape. The white stretches over her whole torso and then up her arms, covering her poofy limbs in rather fashionable sleeves, a black cuff forming at the end, leaving her little orange hands bare.

Finally, atop her left breast, a black emblem forms, an encouraging familiar shape soon appearing at its center. A lovely **red R** signifying where this Victini's loyalty would soon lie.

"Wh-what is this... i-is this outfit stuck to me? No, no, take it off! I don't wanna be a yucky crook! I'd rather be naked!" She struggles, shouting. Clearly she noticed what her outfit was becoming.

"Now now, little firecracker, don't worry. You won't be a crook...~" I tease, chuckling. Why would my subordinate be a mere crook? No, this one would be lucky enough to have a much higher role.

"Stop this! Take this off!" She begs, ignoring me. I roll my eyes, almost missing the belt that forms over her thin waist, while the goop continued moving down below it. Her entire top half had been converted, making her still human legs rather amusingly unmatched to the rest of her.

"Now now, don't talk like that. Don't want to make the ladies her blush, would you?" I taunt, knowing what was to come, smirking in anticipation.

“Gh...!” She groans, kicking and flailing her legs as the goop swallowed up her hips. On her behind, two protrusions grow, round and patterned to look almost like wings, a bit longer than her arms and really just rubber shaped to be wing-like instead of being made of feathers or whatever.

On the rest of her hips, she moaned and shuddered as they popped and squashed, the sides rounding out comically. Even after shrinking she certainly looked far more bottom heavy with how much wider her lower half was compared to her top.

But that wasn't it for this part of the transformation. I leaned forward, watching with glee as the goop moved with purpose... towards her groin. Her dress was being mished and mashed by the goop so everyone got to have a lovely full show of this part.

The rubber gathered towards her crotch and underneath her panties, the Victini giving a squeak, her face quickly going red and her squirming getting far more intense. I could hear some of the grunts gasp and even more snickering in amusement. I'm sure the rubber was 'filling' her up now, and now there was something pushing *out* from the same spot, quite a prominent bulge forming in the Victini's tight, transforming clothes.

“Ah... ah...” *he* panted, mouth hanging open, the silly thing too loopy to notice his new feature, perhaps.

“My my, you're quite naughty, aren't you? I won't have my future subordinate be so... showy. Remind me to reprimand you later, will you?~”

No response. Oh well.

The remaining rubber moves down, engulfing and swallowing up his legs. It actually looks more like his legs were being pulled upward, the rubber tugging them into a far too small body to fit them. Such an intriguing sight, really. His legs dangled in the air, short and round, tiny really. They hardly terminated passed that package of his.

The remains of his dress clung to his lower body, wrapping every bit of cream rubber in white rubber instead, tight and lovingly form fitting. His pants finished forming just above his feet, which were next to go. The remaining rubber swallowed up his dainty, womanly feet with her shoes and all before squashing them down into tiny orange feet with two long, thin toes.

Victini hung in his restraints, flustered, disoriented, looking oh so helpless. It was adorable, really. I almost wanted to leave him there for a while.

But, work must be done. “My my, aren’t you a handsome Victini! How do you feel, little firecracker? Or should I call you a firework? I don’t want to be rude, after all~”

“W-why...? Wh-what am I...?”

“Mm, did you not hear me? Don’t tell me those big ears are defective, now! You’re a Victini. Never heard of it?”

“I-I’m all... tiny... squeaky... a-and... oh Arceus, i-is that...?” He paled, staring at the bulge in his grafted on pants. With renewed vigor he started kicking his legs.

I giggle. “Get the monitors ready. And make sure to be *very* thorough in the... conditioning. I want my new second-in-command to be very *compliant* and *eager*.” I command one of the researchers as I begin walking to the door. “I’m heading inside. I want to get a close look before anyone else. And I believe this one deserves a more... personal touch~”

I vaguely hear some affirmations behind me before I step out into the hall and walked slowly towards the capture chamber. From the inside, there’s no visible door leading into the chamber, but from the outside there’s no mistaking the large steel door, made to withstand attacks even from a Legendary if it needed to. A credit to Team Rocket’s power and ingenuity.

Yet it opens as easily as a wooden fence to me, thanks to my status. I grin as I step into the chamber, eyeing my new ‘partner’, his body now fully restrained, a multitude of metal arms holding him in place. He can’t even turn his head to look at me, even his ears being held in position. “Wh-who’s there? Please... I-I’m sorry... Lemme go... I’ll have papa pay you whatever you want, I’ll *do* whatever you want... jus’ lemme go...” He begs weakly, sniffing.

“Awww, there there, my little firework,” he tenses, recognizing my voice, “I’ll let you go soon, okay? There’s no reason to be so scared and tense. Really, we aren’t so bad once you get to know us...”

“Y-you made me... some kinda squeaky Pokemon! A-an’ a boy!” He protests.

“A rather handsome one, I’d say! And what’s wrong with being ‘some kinda squeaky Pokemon’? I’ll have you know...” I grin, stepping in front of him, just as the monitors come down behind me. “I’m one too, after all.”

“Wh-wha...” Victini stares... although that’s more probably because there are some hands holding his eyes open.

“You may call *me* Commander Shaymin. Or, your boss~” I tease. “We’re going to get to know each other very much, dear, I hope I haven’t made a bad first impression~”

Victini swallows, looking at me. “Wh-what are you going to do to me now...?”

“I’m happy you asked! You, my lovely legendary, have been chosen to be my new second-in-command! Isn’t that grand? Like I said, you won’t be a crook! Actually, you’ll be assisting me in running my branch! Better than a crook, you get to boss around a bunch of crooks!”

He bites his lip, quivering in fear. I have to give him credit, he didn’t go into the usual “*I’ll never work for you!*” spiel or what have you. “Wh-why me...? That sounds... important, right...?”

“Mm, it’s natural to doubt your qualifications, but I assure you, dear, you’re perfect for the role. Or, you will be. Now!” I clap. “We’re just going to have a little presentation, just something to help you really *understand* what it is to be a proud member of Team Rocket! And an important one, too!”

The screens flash a bright white behind me, dazing the poor thing before the whole room tints red as the monitors do. “A-ah...!” Victini gasps out faintly, unable to wince or look away from the assault to his eyes.

I circle behind him, gently stepping over the many mechanisms holding him in place, rubbing his shoulders and cooing. “I know this is all so, so confusing, but this will explain everything. Hold all questions until the end, okay? I’ll be right here...~” I gently assure him. His body relaxes, the sound of my ‘concerned’ voice and the alluring red of the monitors luring him to lower his guard. To open himself up.

“What...” he says weakly, eyes straining to blink, an unconscious part of himself knowing he *shouldn’t* look, yet what could he do?

“You’re going to be a part of something better... stronger... Team Rocket will soon own the world, and already owns you... why not assist us? Why not be part of the winning team and get some of the rewards for yourself?”

“N-no... Team Rocket is...” He gasps, protesting, curling his fingers and toes.

I motion with my hands, and several more mechanical limbs lower down. Rather than grab him, these hands are a bit more delicate, gently stroking his waist and back, massaging his tiny little rubber body.

“A-ahhhh...” He coos in content, eye twitching.

“Team Rocket is glorious... and you know what will be even more glorious? Commanding all these lowly grunts, having them fear and admire you, listen to your every word.”

“I-I’m not... hah...”

“You’re above them, my little firework. A legendary. A Victini. Do you know what that is...?” I giggle, leaning forward, cooing into his ear. “You are victory...~”

“V-Victini...?” He moans, shuddering as another hand reaches down to scratch his ears.

“The ultimate Victini. Stronger and more resistant. Handsome, shiny, sleek...~” I purr.

“S-stop... my head... I... wh-what iss... sho much... too mush... info...”

“Loyal, competent, cunning and intelligent. A genius among Victini~” I stroke his body.
“Just imagine it...”

“Nnng... Nooh...” He struggles, panting. I motion again to the invisible cameras. Another hand comes down, stroking at his prominent rubbery bulge, squeezing and fondling his tightly sealed package. “Mnnnfff... Aaahhhh!~”

“Imagine how good it’ll feel...” I grin cruelly, leaning in. “The sheer... *pleasure* of bringing those below you to your heel~”

“Hhahh...”

“The joy of serving Team Rocket, the future rulers of the world. Having so much power, doing whatever you want...”

“Nmmf... p-please...” he begs, unconsciously arching his hips forward as much as he can in his restraints.

“And the joy of *being* served. You’re oh so much better than the grunts out there, you know... under me, you’ll be the prince of my sect~ Because you’re just that special and important...~ Just that valuable and strong...~ I wouldn’t have anyone be my number 2, you know... you deserve this spot...~”

“I-I...” His face strains. A bit of drool runs down his rubbery mouth, which seemed to be struggling not to crack into a smile. His bulge is teased, rubbed, I giggle.

“Doesn’t it all sound amazing, Victini?”

“Hah... I’m... I’m not... please...”

“Please...?~”

“Please... **more...**” He pants, staring wide-eyed at the flashing red screens.

I giggle. “I thought you’d see things our way. Will you loyally serve Team Rocket? Will you loyally serve *me*?”

“Nnn... **Y-yesssss!~ Team Rocket... hah... All belongs to Team Rocket! Of course I’d pledge myself to Team Rocket!**” Victini grinned now, moaning as all the hands fondled and rubbed him all over as a reward. The hands holding his eyes let go yet he continued staring at the beautifully alluring **red** all around him.

I chuckle, stepping back and allowing the laughing Victini to fully sink himself into his new role. Perhaps the orientation this time around was a bit too strong, as my new second-in-command, upon the restraints letting go of him, simply went limp on the ground, rubbing his bulge and feeling up his squeaky body contently.

I give him a few seconds before clearing my throat. “Are you just about done, *Victini*, or are you going to keep me waiting?”

“Hahh... sorry, boss~” He apologized playfully, that scared and innocent tone completely gone from his voice. No, that apology was more mocking than actually apologetic. Victini hopped onto his feet and quickly turned around, giving a salute. “Vice-Admin Victini, ready to serve, kekeke... **Glory to Team Rocket!**” He grinned. I was pleased, no, excited to see that there was no true light in this Victini’s eyes anymore. Those bright blue orbs were the opposite of inspiring. Goodness, I think I got the shakes!

Cooling myself, I salute back. “Glory to Team Rocket.” I grin. “My my, you turned out rather well, my little firework...” I say, circling around him. He held his position, smirking and lifting his head up at my praise. “I think I made the right choice for my number 2.”

“Heh! I’m excited to impress ya, Commander Shaymin! As long as I’m here, victory will come to our branch, just watch.” He sneered.

“Mm... I’m delighted to see you’re so loyal. I only hope you’re just as competent! It’ll be a shame to have to punish you if you mess up!”

“Keke... Well... I’ll just have to make sure I don’t mess up, won’t I?” He gives a teasing grin.

“Indeed. Now, let’s get you settled in and introduce you to our punk kids~”

“Yes ma’am!”

With Victini taking position behind me, we walk outside of the chamber.

Things were going to get so much more fun.



[CLASSIFIED] TIME LATER

“And that’s the result of the latest Op. Our advance unit’s set up nicely and awaits further orders. No sign of either the police or Team Galactic being suspicious yet, and we’ve already got their base surrounded, heh~”

“Hmm hmm...~ That is all wonderful news, Victini. Again, you’ve outdone yourself.”

“I live to impress, boss~” My ever faithful second in command brags, saluting proudly.

“I know you do, my little firework,” I smirk, gazing at the rubbery fire type.

Things had just become so easy ever since I ‘recruited’ this one to my sector. It warms my cruel, cold rubber heart to see him in action. Competent, as much of a genius as me, always having the right input.

No, rather than my second-in-command, I’m honest enough to admit that Victini is my partner. Of course, I wouldn’t admit it to his face, he has a big enough head, but it is the thought that counts.

I do not even mind him taking initiative and making moves of his own. It already takes far less pushing to get him to obey me and follow my orders, so as long as he continues advancing Team Rocket’s conquest of Sinnoh I could care less of his own plans.

Speaking of which...

“Now then,” I grin, and judging from his own excitement and shifting, he already knows what the next point of this meeting would be, “any news on *our* project?”

“I’ve begun our special *recruiting* and have a few subjects for possible promotions in mind already. So far I have 2 of our volunteers going through *advanced training* and *orientation* to become the founding members of the R.A.C Squad.” He snickers. “It’ll take a while until they’re ready. This kind of special course needs a bit more of a... personal, careful touch than any normal recruit, and the selection process is a bit more rigid...”

“Patience is a virtue, I suppose.” I chuckle. “And that *pest problem* Research reported?”

Now Victini sneered, looking delighted. “Funny story about that, boss~ As it turns out, we had a perfect candidate for the new squad right in our Research department, and they were already unhappy with their current work, so I decided to promote them!”

I laugh. “Well, how convenient, all’s well that ends well!” I pull Victini closer, squeaking his rubbery body. Judging from his shuddering, he certainly doesn’t seem to mind it. Not that I’d care otherwise. “Fufu... you’ve done such a good job, I don’t even mind you not telling me so I could *facilitate* our volunteer’s transfer in stations.”

“Mmnf... s-sorry... aahhh... sorry b-bo--haahhh Commander Shaymin!~ You ordered to keep your project u-under wrapsss... t-too many people near the chambers would have been suspicious...!~” Victini explained between my groping.

I chuckle, pushing at his bulge. “It’s okay. I’m not mad, did you not hear me?~”

“F-from your teasing I can’t tell...!” He looked content even as he squirmed and pushed his body against me for more.

“You look more like you’re being rewarded than punished.” I smirk, before letting him go, my little firework antsily rubbing himself over to not let that stimulation go. “That will be all, Victini.”

“Yes, Boss!~” Victini saluted, hiding his panting as he left quickly. Good boy. The other grunts usually hesitated or loitered around when I dismissed them the first time.

I give a content sigh.

This was the good life. Perfection.

Truly, there was nothing above Team Rocket. Where else would I ever be but here?

Glory to Team Rocket.

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